

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER XV.

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Rebel Graves and Epitaphs.

It is sad to wander through the Wesleyan Cemetery in St. Louis, and see the graves of hundreds of our brave soldiers, who, having sacrificed their lives in their country's cause, now sleep in the cold arms of death. Twice a day loads of the dead are conveyed from the various hospitals to this their last camping ground. Side by side in this great camp of Death lie our own brave boys and the rebel dead—scarcely any distinction being made. They who dared to defy their country and her laws here sleep quietly beside those who died in her defence. Over each grave is placed a headboard, on which the number of the grave and the initials of the deceased are printed, and it is customary for the women of secession proclivities to place flowers over the rebel dead, and thus show their sympathy for the unholy cause. They also write upon the headboards verses, the sentiments of which are remarkable, and perhaps worth copying. It will be seen that they glory in the name of rebels:

"Rebels, 'tis our dying name;
For though our life is dear,
Yet, freemen born and freemen bred,
We'd rather lie as freemen dead,
Than live in slavish fear."

"Rebels, 'tis a holy name;
Nigger thieves then keep away."

"He died in a noble cause,
Rest in peace."

"Southern soldier—
He fought and bled for the
Sunny land he loved.
Black Republican, touch not."

"Sweet sleep the brave who for their country die."

The above are samples of the epitaphs in memory of these 'braves,' but it will hardly be credited that the following effusion is an actual copy of one of these mournful strains, savoring as it does of "Artemus." It was written on a headboard by a lady, and copied immediately after. Did we agree with the patriotic individual in her politics, we certainly could find no fault with the sentiments expressed in this dirge, though the spelling, it must be acknowledged, is rather rough, her lamentable ignorance touching things celestial, as manifested in the last line, is however, unpardonable. She thus sings:

"Here lies a stranger's brain,
died while the Southern Confederacy
to save
peace to his dust.

brave Southern friend
from island 10
you reached a glorious end.

we place these flowers above the stranger's bed
in honor of the shiverous dead.

Sweet spirit rest in heaven
There'll be no Yankis there."

The young woman who marries an unworthy man takes her lord's name in vain.

AMERICA'S DESTINY.

I have a faith, a living faith,—
I know not how or why,—
That America, in her growing age,
Is yet too young to die;
And oft, in inner breathings deep,
It whispers thus to me,—
"Your America yet must live and teach
The Nations to be free."

I smile at man's philosophy,
However wise or great;
I look with calm, unflinching heart
Upon a shattered State;
I hear amid the woes of war
The hopeful, thrilling cry,—
"Your America with her work undone,
Is yet too young to die."

Oh, tell me not of wealth or growth,
Of great, unwieldy, might;
Of trembling in the scales of fate,
Or of approaching night:
A frown of wrath may come from Heaven
A cloud may cross our sky,
"But America, with her work undone,
Is yet too young to die."

And tell me not of ancient times,
Of powerful States' decay;—
Their life was but a flickering light,
But yours the blaze of day:
With you I see no crouching slaves;
No rabble laws defy;
And I think America's lived too long
To know they way to die.

I cannot yield a slavish fear
To any tyrant's power,
Thee I appeal some feeble hearts,
And make the bondsman cower;
From God to man—from man to God,
With faith's discerning eye,
I look and feel, while time rolls on,
That America ne'er shall die!

A Home.

If we were to tell a number of our readers that they don't know what a home is, they would grow indignant, and, perhaps, use harsh words. And yet it may be remarked that the number of persons who know what a genuine home is, by experience, is decidedly few. One man in good circumstances, will tell you he has a fine house of his own, in which every comfort and convenience are provided. He has a wife and children there also, and they give life to the place. Very true. But does he prefer that home, thus provided and enlivened, to every other place in the world? Does he regret when the hour for leaving comes, and smile when he is permitted to return? Does he love to sit by the cheerful fire and fondle the children, entering into all their little disputes with a curious interest? Does he take particular note of the bird in the cage and the cat near the fire? If not, he has no home, in the dearest sense of that dearest of words.

If his mind is altogether absorbed in the dusty ways of business—if he hurries from the house in the morning and is loth to return at night—if, while he is at home, he continues to think of the journal and ledger, and repulses the advances of the prattling children, he has no home. He only has a place where he lodges and takes his meals.

Ah! happy is he who knows and appreciates the full bliss of home; whose heart is warmed and humanized by its cheerful influence, and who feels how superior in purity of pleasure are all its enjoyments to the turmoil delights of out-door life. Thrice happy is such a man. He has discovered the only paradise this world can now afford. It is only such a man that can have a deep and sincere pity for the unfortunate creatures who are homeless. He regards them as being cut off from the best influences of the earth, and exposed to the action of all the darker waves of life. He feels keenly for him who has no fireside—no dear ones to welcome him with smiles, and prattle over the little history of the day—no tongue to soothe when heavy cares have troubled the mind, and rendered the heart sore; and the sympathy of such a man is not slow to overflow in acts of kindness and benevolence. A good home is the source of the fountain of charity in the heart.

Slavery Caused the War.

My friends, it has been a difficult question to solve who commenced the "agitation of slavery." Another more painful problem has been how the agitation can be stopped. A great many well-meaning people have troubled themselves with these questions. And this one has been blamed, and that one has been blamed, for moving in the matter of slavery. Now, I do not doubt that the great question has been abused and perverted to selfish ends. But the agitation itself is inherent in the subject. Slavery never did exist anywhere without an agitation. It never will exist without one. If any man will point me to the spot and to the time when a people were cast into bondage, from that spot and from that date I will trace for him, on the historic page, the course of a series of controversies, and heart-burnings, and convulsions, which followed the track of the peculiar institution like the shadow on the dial follows the course of the sun. You will observe that while many nations have been coerced into slavery, no nation has yet voluntarily entered into that state.

While masters have employed no little ingenuity and pathos to show how much slavery contributes to the happiness of the bondsmen, the bondsmen, themselves, have never been able to appreciate it; nor have I learned that any of the masters have been willing to exchange positions with their bondsmen. And though philosophy and religion, and the stern behests of power have all been put into requisition to give sanction, and support, and composure to the peculiar institution, they have been found inadequate to that end. If any or all of them have ever seemed to attain the purpose, the appearance was delusive. The cold and quiet surface did only conceal the subterranean fires that glowed beneath. It has no more excited and harassed our people than it has every people under the sun who have had to do with it. The history of slave systems has been the same everywhere. The Egyptians, the Greeks, the Romans, the Germans, the French, the English, the Russians, have all had their slave systems, and their civil feuds and broils, and wars in consequence. The agitation of slavery is truth struggling against error. It is the voice of humanity pleading for its rights. It is the everlasting law of God. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but not one jot or tittle of that law.—Extract from a speech recently delivered in St. Louis by Sam'l T. Clover.

IMPORTANT DECISION.—It will be remembered, that, a few weeks ago, a slave named Edmund was arrested as a fugitive on board an upward bound steamer by officer Gilchrist, and placed in jail in this city, it being the object of the policeman to return the negro to his master, who resides in Tennessee. It appears that the negro, who had been permitted by his master to work on the rebel fortifications at Fort Donelson, had been seized by the Federal army, and that he had been turned over to Captain Leland, of New York, a member of General Grant's staff. At the time of his arrest the negro was on his way to New York, and was traveling under a pass from Gen. Grant. A short time after the negro's arrest, Capt. Leland appeared and commenced proceedings in the United States Court, Judge Ballard, for the negro's release. The evidence was heard a few days since, his Honor Judge Ballard withholding his decision until yesterday, when he decided, in effect, that the negro is no longer the property of his master, the master having forfeited the right of property in the slave when he permitted him to be used in aid of the rebellion. The negro was accordingly released.—Louisville Jour., June 25.

Our rebels, who swear there is no Constitution, beg us, the moment they think themselves in danger, to respect that sacred instrument, the Constitution.

The Conservatives and Destructives.

The people of the North are divided into two parties, in the present war, as in the peace that preceded it—the conservatives and destructives. The latter are our old enemies, the Abolitionists, who are crazy people—honest perhaps, in their fanaticism, but fit only for a straight jacket. The former are our old friends, who used to declare that they loved us better than themselves, and that, before an army of invasion should march against the South, it should march over their dead bodies. It seems to be supposed that they have changed their character, and been merged by the war into one seething cauldron of Abolitionism. This, however, is a great mistake. The war has not changed their character, but only discovered it to the world. It has shown them to be the falsest, the most treacherous and the most hypocritical of mankind. But for conservative money, and conservative men, it could not be carried on a single day. Conservative cities have provided the cash and the soldiers; conservative Generals have led their armies; conservatism has, in fine, proved the most formidable of our enemies. We are not aware of a single Abolition General who occupies a conspicuous position in the federal hosts, McClellan, Rosecrans and others are somewhat ultra in their conservatism; and McCook, who said that if he had an Abolitionist in his army he would cut off his ears, is the same who proclaims, "The South must be subdued or exterminated."

The conservatism of these men is still however, conservatism, only it does not mean, as we formerly supposed, the preservation of the constitution and the rights of the States, but the conservatism of Northern commerce and manufactures, at any cost whatever to the South—at the cost of every life and hearthstone in its limits—at the cost of converting its whole territory into one vast scene of blood and tears. That is what Northern conservatism means and nothing else. It is, in a word, the most detestable avarice—a love of money so passionate and absorbing that it would murder a whole people to fill its pockets. That is Northern conservatism! In what respect is it better than abolitionism?

There ye pitiful Northern doughfaces who are so much afraid of hurting the feelings of traitors, who wish to have the war so conducted that no rebel may be hurt, (not caring how many union men are destroyed,) you have your own reward: you are the "falsest, most treacherous, most hypocritical of mankind," your sweet friends say. Your conservatism is the most "detestable avarice—a love of money so passionate and absorbing, it would murder a whole people to fill its pockets." We hope you feel flattered and comfortable, and expect you will go on apologizing for traitors, and begging that they may be treated leniently, and their "rights" carefully observed; especially their right to trample a Democratic Government under their feet and erect on its ruins a slave oligarchy.—Richmond Dispatch.

Col. Jennison publishes a card in the Conservative, giving his reasons for resigning, and says:

"I did not sail to return slaves to protect rebels, but to crush slavery and kill rebels, and while in the service I gave a good deal of attention to these two points. When the Government adopts that policy, I shall be again a soldier; until that time I shall be a citizen. While Gov. Gamble fosters bushwhacking in Missouri, and the Border States rule at Washington, I don't expect to wear soldier's clothes. I'd rather be a peaceable citizen of Kansas."

The minutes of the Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church and other official papers show that there are 322 clergymen of that body in the loyal army.

About General Butler's Order.

A great deal of stimulated indignation has been roused against General Butler on account of his rather coarse order respecting the ladies of New Orleans. Now, while we unqualifiedly condemn the style of his pronouncement, we cannot withhold our censure from those ladies who, so far forgetful of that modesty and reserve with which woman should always encircle herself, have stepped from the pale of womanly propriety, and insulted strangers in the very streets of their city. When this is the case, women always subject themselves to censure, if not insult.

Neither time nor circumstances will shield her from the inevitable consequences; whether her intentions are insulting or otherwise, she is no longer invulnerable when that beautiful shield she holds before herself and contact with strangers is withdrawn, for suspicion always attaches itself to such demonstrations.

Is there any father who would wish to see his daughter flaunting through the streets, and insulting those in whose power fate has thrown the city of his residence; or, on the contrary, how would a Confederate officer act, should a lady, or woman with Federal proclivities, publicly flaunt the stars and stripes before his face and use insulting expressions in the streets where his duty to his Government had called him.

Is it not better, is it not more consonant with the nature of woman, to shrink from all contact, all communications of whatever character with enemies and strangers, and thus vindicate her sex from unworthy suspicion, and insure protection from insult and abuse.—Macon Miss., Beacon.

His Tutor.—"You say, Mr. Spriggs, that Mr. Jacobs was your tutor?"

"Yes, sir."

"Does the court understand from that you received education from him?"

"No, sir."

"Then explain yourself, sir."

"Yes, sir. By tutor I meant that he taught me how to play on the French horn. He taught me how to toot, hence I call him my tutor."

"Ah, indeed. The court understood you differently."

When a poor woman steals to keep her from starving they call the act a theft, and punish it as a crime. When a rich woman steals to gratify her longing for finery they call it kleptomania, and give her sympathy and a fashionable doctor. On the whole, it is an advantage to be rich. It promotes pleasant language and charitable opinions.

An exchange, in speaking of a subscriber who has taken the paper for a number of years, and then refused to pay for it, says: "He would steal a passage to heaven, in a secret corner of a streak of lightning, and smuggle gold from the streets of the New Jerusalem to buy stumps of half penny cigars."

A young man being asked by a young lady what phonography was, took out his pencil and wrote the following, telling her that was phonography: "U. R. A. B. U. T. L. N. (You are a beauty Ellen!) This is not so bad as a lazy fellow, who spells Tennessee 10 a c."

The number of horses in the world is estimated at about 27,000,000; of this number, the United States have 5,000,000. The general estimate has been eight to ten horses in Europe for every hundred inhabitants.

A negro on being questioned, was asked if his master was a Christian. "No sir, he is a politician," was the reply.

Woman lost the world one Paradise, but she can easily make us another wherever she goes.